Per. My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the chrystall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone weren wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rankleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a careless sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought.
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shal
Wil. but if thou can her obtei
Per. And if for graceless greefe
Wil. hey ho graceless griefe
Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me w
Wil. let thy follye be the prief
Per. And you, that sawe it, simpl
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my deat
Wil. and mone with many a
Per. So learnd I loue on a holl
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart di
Wil. now endeth our roundela

Cuddye,

Sicker like a roundle neuer hear
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best
And *Willye* is not greatly ouerg
So weren his vnderlongs well a

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou ha
Areede vprightly, who has the vi

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech
For thy let the Lambe be *Willy*
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym
To him be the wroughten mazer

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the
Ne can *Willye* wite the witeless

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beau
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudge

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it
Your roundels fresh, to heare a